



SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1904

BEAUTY'S CALL

Why should she waste any glad moments reading?
Why should she wish to be wise?
Butlers will come to her anxiously pleading,
Taking no note of her learning or breeding,
Caring for naught but her beauty. There lies
Only a way that is flowery before her,
Gently the breezes around her will blow;
Beauty is hers, so the world will adore her,
Asking not, caring not, what she may know.

Why should she wrinkle her brow or be worried
Over the affairs of the day?
Why should she care how the toiler is hurried
Down to his grave to be hastily buried,
So that some other may profit? The way
Stretches beyond her through scenes that are splendid—
Ah, see them waiting to worship her there!
Fettered by Fate and by Fortune attended,
Will she may lack, but the world will not care.

Why should she waste any gay moments learning
How to do that or do this?
Life is so short—there can be no returning—
Hide her not then from the ones who are yearning
Just for the smiles she may give them,
Of kneeling before her and gladly obeying
All the commands she may give in her glees;
While she has beauty that merits displaying
The world will not care what her talents may be,
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Philosophy of the Successful One

By MYRTLE CONGER

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HOWEVER tragic Jimmy's woes may have been to Jimmy, Wilnot evidently was rather amused by them.

"My dear fellow," he said, when Jimmy had finished speaking. "Of course your love was like no other. Every love is like no other—the fellow concerned."

"But I could have taken an oath she loved me," Jimmy's voice was full of misery.

His friend smiled. "We take a great many oaths there's no possible grounds for," he said. "Have a cigar?"

He pushed the box towards Jimmy, who took one with gloomy indifference.

"Cigars are excellent for wounded hearts—and vanity," his friend went on cheerfully. "Get these over in Cuba, myself. I keep them in reserve for special occasions." He looked at Jimmy as if expecting some show of appreciation.

"Have a match," he said, proffering the one with which he had just lighted his own cigar.

Jimmy took it, but let it go out without using it. His friend smoked awhile in speculative silence.

"Success in love is a queer thing, Jimmy," he observed, following a curling line of smoke upward with his cigar. "A very queer thing. The deserving are not always the successful, by any means. Now in most human affairs, the gods have fixed laws, so that usually we can anticipate the consequence of most of the actions of men, but in love, the gods



"OH, DON'T BE IMPATIENT, MY BOY, LET'S TALK IT OVER."

play at a kind of toss up with the hearts of men and women. If you are lucky, the heart of your choice may fall to you, but it's an uncertain game at best."

"She gave me every kind of encouragement," Jimmy complained, with doleful voice.

His friend was studying the vanishing lines of smoke. "Given the same circumstances and two love affairs," he went on musingly, as if he were following out his own line of thought, rather than addressing Jimmy. "He had not noted the latter's remark. 'Given the same circumstances and two love affairs, one may be a success—that is success as defined in the lovers' dictionary; while the other may be an absolute failure—defined also in the same dictionary. It all depends on the final toss up of the gods.'"

"Your ideas have a sound," grumbled Jimmy, "but reasoning is not an antidote for a woman's 'No.' To argue how things come about isn't a cure for anything."

Wilnot pushed the match tray suggestively across the table. Jimmy took no notice of it.

"Speaking of reasoning," said Wilnot, "not in the least disconcerted," that reminds me. I know a man. He's one of the workmen in our factory. It pays to know one's workmen, Jimmy. This fellow is in love, too. Her name is Mandy, and she used to work in the factory. That's where he met her. She lives down in Hogan's place; and she's got red hair, and the accompanying freckles, and she's slightly cross-eyed." He paused, much

taken up with his own reflections.

Jimmy remained gloomily silent.

Presently, the other resumed. "Yet they say that Mother Eve was wonderfully fair, and that sin brought all the hideous things into the world. It's not much wonder we are so continually ad-

monished to hate sin, considering the slight it has thrust upon us."

Jimmy moved impatiently in his chair. "And the hovel she lives in!" the other continued. "What a downward evolution must have been in progress from Paradise to that! You've been in Hogan's Place, haven't you, Jimmy?"

"No," returned Jimmy, shortly. "Mandays don't interest me."

His friend looked at him in some surprise. "No, of course not," he said, reflectively. "There's such a vast difference between your love for your angel lady and Jeems' love for his Mandy." He laughed a little.

"I'm sure I can't see any relation," Jimmy returned, resentfully.

"Oh, don't be impatient, my boy. Let's talk it over. There's nothing like reasoning a thing out. Philosophy really can be used as an antidote for love. A substitute, anyway. You know what Dante did."

"Did what?"

"Did use it for a substitute." Wilnot was evidently surprised at Jimmy's lack of comprehension. "As I was saying, there is a vast difference between your love and Jeems', but it's only of caste, of caste, Jimmy. Jeems' talks factory gossip and slang to Mandy. He takes her stick candy and 18-cent chocolates on his regular nights. And takes her on excursion boat rides on the Fourth of July; then they have peanuts with popcorn and lemonade. For Christmas he gives her a celluloid hand mirror in which to admire her peculiar type of beauty."

"You seem to know a great deal about the affairs of your factory people."

"Oh, I don't know any of the details. I'm not interested in mere incidentals. I only know the nature of these people and I know that their affairs are conducted on about the order I have been describing to you."

Jimmy made a protesting gesture.

"And yet, Jimmy, it was the same kind of attraction that led you to talk soulful things to your beloved; and dainty bits of poetry and subtle flattery. Instead of the cheap candy, popcorn and peanuts, there were costly bon-bons in elaborate, tissue boxes; and rare American beauties delivered by the proper butlers. In place of the annual boat ride excursion, there were repeated suppers at Delmonico's and boxes at the opera. With the degrees of civilization, things go up in quality and price, Jimmy. Then, there were tender, meaning hand-clasps instead of the unsavory kisses."

Jimmy leaned a little forward and opened his mouth to speak, but apparently thought better of it, and resumed his position in silence.

"And the love that gleams in Mandy's eyes when Jeems' rehearses coarse factory gossip, sitting on park benches on Sunday afternoons, how different that is from the genteel, comprehending light that glows in the eyes of your adored one, sitting with you amid the luxury of the Fifth Avenue drawing room! Merely the difference of caste, differing much in favor of Mandy, for she was sincere and your angel was not."

Jimmy smiled.

Wilnot inspected his cigar, and perceiving it had gone out, relighted it, and offered the match to Jimmy, who took it, and this time lighted his cigar. Both men sat smoking awhile in silence, Jimmy indifferently, and Wilnot with evident enjoyment.

"Now, love at 25—" the latter began, consolingly.

"I'm 27," interrupted Jimmy.

"Well, 27. Oh, my boy, we can love such a lot of times. I was just going to say that love at 25 is only a fore-runner of the love that occurs each succeeding year until the shortness of life puts an end to our loving."

Jimmy brushed the ash from his cigar. He couldn't feel its soothing influence. His friend tossed the end of his into the open grate. "Let's have something to drink," he suggested, and without waiting for a reply, rang the bell and gave the order.

After the servant had left the room, Wilnot filled the glasses and offered one to Jimmy. "Let's drink to her better judgment, my boy," he said, "and to your love, a happy ending after all. Who knows what a woman's answer may be a second time?" He raised his glass. "Who is she, Jimmy?" he asked, as if moved by some sudden thought.

Jimmy hesitated. "I don't think that matters, does it?" he said. "I told you she refused me, didn't I?"

"Now, see here, Jimmy, let's don't have any half-confidences. Who is she? I told you I wished to drink to her better judgment."

"I don't like to bring the girl's name into it," said Jimmy, reluctantly. "But I suppose you may as well know. Yes; you may as well know. It's Alice Harrison."

"Alice Harrison!" Jimmy looked up.

Wilnot set his glass down upon the table with startling abruptness. The frail glass was shattered into fragments. The wine flowed upon the table.

"Well?" said Jimmy, irritably.

"Yes; Alice Harrison. You wanted to know."

"Why, Jimmy, why she's—engaged to me."

In Old England.

Among the inventions in the old times one of fixing the hair in position was advertised as follows: "A new method of stuccoing the hair in the most fashionable taste, to last with very little repair during the whole session of parliament. Price only 5 guineas. N.B.—He takes but one hour to build the head and two for baking it."

To Raise Her Own Cotton.

Five million dollars has been subscribed so far in England for promoting the cultivation of cotton in British colonies and Egypt. One part of the scheme is to send out a large number of overseers and experts in cotton growing to instruct the natives till they are familiar with the process.

Graded Affection.

Housekeeper—Do you love children? Applicant—It all depends on the wages, mum!—Puck.

The Decrees and Predictions of Dame Fashion

Gossip of Seasonable Modes and a Glimpse at Those the Spring and Summer Will Bring.

SOON it will be time to think of the Easter hat, and the milliners are showing many pretty modes for the occasion. Flowers, gold and a tendency toward ribbon are the leading characteristics of trimmings for hats. In flowers, crushed roses and the smaller varieties of pompadour roses will be much used. Wreaths promise well.

The style idea regarding flowers will be the combination of two colors and two kinds of blossoms. This new idea will be a serious rival to that of the shaded effects in flowers. The new French wreaths show this shaded effect. Red roses shade from bright cherry to dark cardinal, pink roses from white to pale pink, and so through the gamut of shades and colors.

The prospects for ribbons as a millinery trimming are more encouraging than they have been for some seasons. So far, it has always been a flat-ribbon trimming, which is generally used in conjunction with flowers. Soft ribbons and delicate soft colors are the chief ideas. Shaded ribbons are used to some extent, but it remains to be seen how the buyers take them up.

The lace drapery veil, or piece lace put on a hat so as to simulate this idea, is prominent and novel in the French millinery. It is this graceful drapery idea which will be much seen at Nice and Monte Carlo during the next few weeks, and it is at those watering places that the typical new fashions for spring are first worn.

One material laid on another by way of trimming is a marked feature of the fashion of the day. Cloth bands or applique designs of cloth on velvet gowns, or the precise reverse, velvet cut out in points or patterns laid upon cloth, or silk used for edging cloth, or bands of cloth, looking a little out of place in themselves, but indubitably up to date, on silk skirts—here is a fancy of the moment which is likely to maintain its popularity. Such decoration is seen on the capes or collars or pelerines of the



A NEW SPRING HAT.
(Flat Straw Effect in Heliotrope, Trimmed with White Maline Ruching and Wild Roses.)

bodices, as well as in the shape of bands round or down the skirts. In the last mentioned situation, too, scallops of the material of the gown, bound round with the trimming fabric, as, for instance, cloth edged with silk, are adopted. Ribbon makes good strappings or bands, and can be had in such variety that there is no difficulty in meeting the requirements in the way of color or relief of the dress material.

The average woman will certainly want a blue serge for the morning, and a black cloth frock of some sort for the afternoon at this time of year. Brown, of course, is some women's color, and then it may well take the place of black; but a dress of dark hue is a necessity, at any rate for those who live in London.

It is good news to the woman who has to make the question of utility her first consideration, that Parisians will be wearing a great deal of black, and touches of black on almost everything.

Later on, I would suggest various inexpensive materials in the form of accordion-plaited, and even now, if you have bought some remnants of soft gray or black stuff, why not have them accordion-plaited in preparation for house frocks for early spring? Such a gown may be ever so simple, with a soft band swathed round the waist, finished perhaps with fringed sash ends. This frock is so comparatively inexpensive that it is worthy of consideration.

The same idea has been carried out in white cloths for afternoon wear on the Riviera, relieved with a touch of soft, black satin, oriental for preference.

We cannot all have blouses to match our skirts, as Dame Fashion says. We should, but we can at least make unavoidable contrasts pleasing, and here the bolero, which is coming into fashion again, is of great assistance to us. It is really a charming garment and can be composed of anything you like.

This little bolero, which in some cases is almost sleeveless, is one of the best ways I know of utilizing odd lengths of chiffon, jet, embroideries, etc. Some are cut rather like the old-fashioned zouave, and are extremely becoming with the wide kid bands which we all love, owing to the fact that they make the waist look quite two or three inches smaller.

Then there is the question of using lace. The lace coat is permissible on so many occasions, but with silk remnants it is a question of cutting your coat according to your cloth. Therefore, according to the amount of lace at your disposal, you can have a short coat, a

The Game and the Candle.

Crawford—Isn't progressive euchre the same as gambling?
Crabshaw—You wouldn't say so if you saw the worthless prizes the clubs put up.—Judge.

Things to Eat.

"Was the dinner elaborate?"
"I guess it was. I haven't had a painless moment since I ate it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

three-quarter length coat, and, for evening wear, a long overcoat of lace and chiffon, fully as long as the train of your frock. The latter will probably not be made out of a sale remnant.

Net is a good substitute for lace, but it requires a chiffon lining. Then there are pretty gossamers which always seem to be offered at such extremely moderate prices. These are charming for the loose empire tunic which is always in vogue, with its wide knotted sash of oriental satin or crepe de chine, or girdle of gold or silver.

One of the illustrations is of a simple frock for early spring to be made in dark



WALKING GOWN IN PIRL-FINISHED CLOTH.

green Pirl-finished cloth, these Pirl-finished cloths will not spot or cockle with the rain. The bodice is finely stitched and made with sloping shoulders, while the skirt is perfectly plain. The newest waist belt you can possibly have will be one in soft green suede, matching exactly the color of the cloth, and finished in front with a large square buckle of dull gold.

A Parisian friend sends me the following points from that gay fashion center: The short bolero continues to gain favor. Corduroys and very narrow striped velveteens are worn, the skirts made a trottoir, and braids and buttons being the only permissible trimmings on the charmingly becoming little boleros.

Every one seems so glad that the bolero is again revived, and there can be no doubt that the average Parisian figure looks much better when the waist is defined, with a pouched effect above it, especially with the short skirt and the plain Breton sailor hat, worn well over the face, softened with the draped lace veil.

Most of the new short skirts are trimmed with graduated bands of satin, velvet, taffeta or breitschwartz, and in spite of all the beautiful frocks for the Riviera, the trottoire skirt and the

he says, made no fuss, but the cat howled all night and in the morning he crawled to the door and let it out.

The woods were full of red squirrels and chipmunks and he knew that the animal could look after itself. Jacques kept close to his master until noon, licking his hand and appearing greatly distressed. The pangs of hunger were gnawing both, and Le Blanc sought consolation in counting his beads and praying. He was thus occupied when Jacques suddenly cocked his ears, ran to the door and scratched. Then he ran back, looked up in his master's face and showed great excitement. Le Blanc had reared the Newfoundland from a puppy and knew that he had some good reason for wanting to go out. So he opened the door.

The dog shot through the portal and the next minute Le Blanc heard him in a spirited altercation with his friend, the cat. In bolted Jacques, carrying a squirrel in his mouth and proudly wagging his tail. Behind him came the cat in a great state of mind. The dog held his head high in the air and dropped the squirrel on Le Blanc's couch.

The trapper quickly skinned the squirrel, cooked it and divided it into three parts. One-third went to Jacques, another to himself and the remaining portion to the cat.

The cat soon went on a second foraging expedition. A little later Jacques sneaked after her, picked up her trail and hung around for developments. Two hours later he reappeared carrying a young rabbit and followed by the indignant cat. The next day she got two squirrels and an old rock grouse. The catch was duly rescued by Jacques and presented to his master.

For eight days this programme was repeated, while the trapper's foot grew worse, matted and finally began to mend. He the cat and the dog got thin, but they had some strength left on the eighth day when Bossart, who had improved more rapidly than was anticipated, arrived drawing a toboggan loaded with provender.

Why Sable Is a Luxury.

The average value of sable skins in the Transbaikal province of Russia this season is \$64. Those who buy from the hunters expect 300 per cent. Fox skins are bought at \$5.40 and squirrel skins at 23 cents.

At the War Game.

"The hostile colonel was two hours late in marching!"
"Yes, but considering the jag he had last night that's not to be wondered at."

"He's likely to find himself cashiered for it!"
"Nonsense! With his influential relatives the army board will consider the delay a well-planned tactical maneuver!"—Simplicissimus.

Millions of Lucky Ones.

"One of the doctors says that millions of people have chronic appendicitis and don't know it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How Rude He Was.

Maie—Can't you read the answer in my face, Willie dear?
Boord—Is it that plain?—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

CARED FOR BY PETS.

DOG AND CAT FEED WOUNDED TRAPPER IN CANADA WOODS.

Canine Takes Prey from Puss and Carries It to His Crippled Master—Story Vouched For by Parish Priest.

An odd story of how a cat and a dog provided food for a solitary trapper who had been injured by one of his own traps was brought to Montreal a few days ago by Rev. Father Dufriche on his return from the Hudson Bay territory. Father Dufriche got the tale from another priest, known as Pere Martin, who had personal knowledge of the incident.

According to Father Dufriche's story, Henri Le Blanc left the Lake St. John region late in the fall to trap with a kindred spirit named Bossart about 150 miles northwest of the lake on the edge of the Hudson Bay district. Bossart had a cabin miles from any other habitation, where he lived with a tabby cat for a companion and mascot. It has been Le Blanc's custom to spend several months each winter with Bossart, and this year as usual he took his Newfoundland dog, Jacques, with him. The dog and cat were on the most friendly terms and the quartette enjoyed themselves until early in December, when Bossart fell ill.

The trapper was afflicted with a slow fever and upon recovering went to the nearest village, 40 miles distant, to consult Father Martin, who administers to the temporal as well as to the spiritual wants of his isolated parishioners. The priest advised the trapper to remain in the village for a couple of weeks until he had regained his full strength, and this he did, sending word to Le Blanc by a half-breed Indian who was journeying north.

The day after receiving the message from the Indian Le Blanc left the cabin to shoot a deer for food and had the misfortune to step in a snow-covered wolf trap that he had set several weeks before and subsequently lost. The teeth lacerated his left foot and ankle and it was with great difficulty that he reached camp. Here he dressed the injury the best he could, but red socks he had worn poisoned the wound and the next day he could not take a step.

There was little to eat in the house and Le Blanc was soon in a desperate condition. Bossart was to bring meal and bacon, and with fresh meat brought down by riffs this would be adequate. But with the pantry bare and his foot getting worse every hour the trapper had a good look at starvation. Jacques,



STEPPED INTO A WOLF TRAP.

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